fortified, after the rude fashion of the land in former days, as a defence against the sudden attacks of horsemen; and the ruined mud walls on which scarcely a blade of coarse grass will grow encrease the desolate appearance of the place. Nature abhors mud and will never allow any combination of it to be "picturesque". The houses, as I have already mentioned, are wretched flat-roofed squares of mud; and there is a total absence of that cleanly neat and home-ish look which I remarked last year in the cottages of Malabar and Travancore. A love of flowers is equally wanting here. The people are neither civil nor uncivil to a stranger: they merely seem to think him not worth the trouble of looking at. A long and greatly dilapidated Choultry full of men, some on their haunches, like monkies – so like that the resemblance is startling – others wrapped up in their coarse cotton cloths like so many corpses; forty or fifty such huts as I have described, a dunghill before each with several of the longest-legged cocks I ever saw impatiently scratching in it for the savory grub: a large herd of mingled black sheep and goats, whose keepers with their strangely wrinkled and puckered faces and haggard eyes peeping from out of their most ungracefully muffling "cumlies" might pass muster for Macbeth's witches; two or three obscene kites soaring aloft with that wonderful self-sustaining power possessed by all birds of prey, their wings seemingly as stiffened as if they were nailed to a gamekeeper's barn door: two or three trees whose lopped and fresh sprouting branches shew that they are merely permitted to live for firewood, not to grow for timber: plenty of dogs whose very existence in such a boneless land is to me a marvel; plenty of crows who in India are gregarious, joining to the carrion propensities of their kind the confiding familiarity of our own dear English ... certain arch-backed, hollow-eyed, long-headed pigs, such a... not be ... I think even by an Irishman, running thro' the village without any apparent object, but ... to suit the action to the word, perpetual movemen... grunting; a "tat" poney, one of natures ... miserabl... fore legs tied together to ...

away, an extravagance which one would think it could scarcely perpetrate under the most favourable circumstances of perfect liberty; a few women chattering at the tank as they wash and make clean the articles of the cup and the platter; and a few men, whether standing or squatting, obstinately bent upon doing nothing, probably because they have nothing to do; this is something like a native village of this part of the Ceded Districts, such as we halt at every day of our journey. I had almost forgotten the Pagoda which might easily happen as it has generally speaking no "Kobiam", but is flat-roofed like the houses and almost entirely without ornament.

October 31st. I preached this morning on the Epistle of the day (that for the 21st Sunday after Trinity) and did my best to explain it faithfully to my little congregation. It ought to have been rather a large one, as I found here on my arrival yesterday upwards of twenty British invalided Soldiers on their way under the charge of an Apothecary and a Sergeant, from Bellary to Bangalore. To my unspeakable disgust however I cannot use milder language at this profligate desecration of the Sabbath I was given to understand that as they had halted Saturday they were to march Sunday, the rules of the Service simply sanctioning a rest every fourth day! Thus were those poor fellows, the broken-down and demoralized victims of India, all of them ill and many of them too probably thoughtless if not vicious, deprived of the means of grace and the consoling ministrations of Religion, which Mr. Jones and I were ready and most anxious to offer to them under circumstances where some hearts among them were perhaps broken up like fallow-ground and prepared to receive and retain the seed of the Word. Who knows what effect that Word spoken to them at such a season, when they could not have expected an opportunity of hearing it, might with God's blessing have produced upon them? How can the Gospel have free course in India when it is thus mocked by Military Regulations! I am quite aware of the necessity of pushing forward troops without delay on any account, when duty calls for it: but no such excuse could be pleaded in the present instance. I am bound to add that the Apothecary, who was known to Mr. Jones as a pious young man, was much shocked at the poor soldiers not being permitted to remain, and that the Sergeant apparently a very respectable man, offered to detain them if

would order him to do so, an order which of course it was not in my power to give. It is my intention however as it is my duty, to bring the general question to the notice of the Madras Government with whom it lies to decide it, and who I trust will instantly forbid all such wanton profanation of God's day of Holy Rest.

November 1st. The appearance of the country is improved. In the neighbourhood of Gollah it is wild and parkish, and lighted up by some large sheets of water. A herd of deer scampering about the vast prairie — it really deserves the name — and leaping as deer only can leap, over the bushes, to me one of the prettiest sights in nature, added greatly to the picture. The road however is become abominable. We have got into the heavy sliny cotton-soil which makes riding very unpleasant and almost unsafe; and I was glad this morning to get off Capet after toiling and slipping along for three or four miles with him, and to take refuge in my palanquin, where I had a couple of hours reading of Sir Samuel Romilly's Memoirs. So far as I have gone I am disposed to agree with the Quarterly. The morbid temperament of that truly amiable man gave very early notice that in a mind so constituted sensibility might get the mastery of judgement, and might end, as alas it did, end in driving reason from her throne. What a noble mind was thus shipwrecked!

I suspect Romilly's estimate of Mirabeau. Except genius, that rare and too often much abused gift of God, there is nothing to admire in that spoilt child of vanity, and much, very much, to condemn in him. Mirabeau always puts me in mind of what one reads of a will-of-the-whisp glowing and vapouring over a deep and dangerous swamp, from whose pestilent bosom the unholy fire is fed woe to him who trusts himself to such a light.

Romilly's history — how gladly one turns from Mirabeau to Romilly — which I know as every body knows it, has always touched me deeply. The mutual love of the equally noble husband and wife, love such as can only be felt by the really good, his whole character such as gave the world assurance of a man, and hers a mind and form of most rare beauty, is to me charming, and when I read this morning his account of Lady Romilly

I thanked God, and applied the passage to one quite as good as she was." For the last eighteen years my happiness has been the constant study of the most excellent of wives; a woman in whom a strong understanding, the noblest and most elevated sentiments, and the most courageous virtue, are united to the warmest affection, and to the utmost delicacy of mind and tenderness of heart."

I reap one benefit, and a great one, from the many hours I am now obliged to pass alone. I examine myself more truly than I have hitherto done; and self-examination leads gradually to self-knowledge, as self-knowledge lead's direct to God. Called upon by my office to teach the Bible to others, I humbly hope I have now learned to read the Bible in a teachable spirit. erring, and sinful as I have been and am, I am certain that God loves me, and that had He not some good work for me to do here I should not now be in India and a Bishop of His Church. I never sought this fearfully responsible Ministry: and if God had not willed it most assuredly it would not have been mine. As then He willed me to take it, He will sustain me in it if I put my whole trust in Him. The danger lies in only half trusting our heavenly Father, and leaning also upon men; upon fame, reputation, applause, popularity; many names for the same thing, and it not worth picking up, for we can only have it by stooping for it: while we are assured of God's aid by looking up to Him for it. And truly a Bishop needs His aid. A few days ago I read over, as I often do tho' not so often as I ought, the Consecration "Service"; and the awful nature of my Office, and my utter inability of myself to fulfil its heavy and many duties, would have made me wretched, but that I called to mind our Lord's promise, "I will not leave you comfortless— I will come unto you". What I wish then to impress upon those who may chance to read these "rough notes," which however will probably be read by none but my wife and children and by the very few friends I can call really mine, is that God not only has done but is constantly doing great things for us all; that His Providence with regard to every one is full of love and mercy; and that He has bound us to Himself by a continuous chain, the golden chain of everlasting Charity

which altho we may break it, not seven times but seventy times seven, He joins again thro Christ if we only entreat Him to do so for Christ's sake. If we will not seek thus to re-unite ourselves to Him we are lost; but none are reprobate except by their own deliberate choice, or by putting off making their choice until it is too late. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve".
He who reads the Bible by the misty smoky lamp of a theological theory cannot see this; but I have thus learned Christ, and I fully believe that I have learned Him truly. Many would be offended at this saying, perhaps even some of my own children will be offended at it hereafter, should they be brought up to be tried as gold is tried in a different school when their mother and I may be removed from the world. Still I trust that at last they will be brought by the Divine Grace, should they ever wander from it to that most comfortable assurance, that the love of God must be equal to His justice; and that as, constrained by this love, He sent His only begotten Son into the world that we, even we miserable sinners, might live thro' Him, so it depends upon our acceptance or rejection of the Gospel which we are free to take or to refuse whether we shall live or die. Where there is positive Predestination, Reprobation; "Perfect love casteth out fear because fear hath torment."

I scrawl this in my palanquin. The appearance of the country which I mentioned yesterday is gone; and we are labouring through a dreary flat without a tree and the poor bearers are struggling onwards with the gallant pertinacity of their through the deep greasy black mud. We left our tents at midday with journey of sixteen miles before us. The heat is mercifully tempered by a fresh breeze from the North East; so that I have no suffering on that score. But this travelling in the day time is very tedious when, as in my case, you have scarcely a chance of a nap to while away the long hours; and much reading in a palanquin knocks the eye to pieces.

Romilly makes but a lame story in favor of who, as appears from this very book was an atheist, a profligate, a liar, and a traitor to his party – the of French Liberty. That is a noble passage in one of Romilly's letters to Mr. Roget about Diderot and his brother

brother-atheists. I wonder if Diderot's story of Hume at Baron table is true, and, if so, how Hume took it. Even he must have felt a little inward shame at his company.

Hoonnoore Nov.r A Hot stifling place. Would that I were at Bellary, from which we are however but twenty miles distant.

I have just received letters from the Bishop of Chester and the Provost of Worcester College Oxford strongly recommending to my kindness our new Chaplain Dr. Powell, who upon their authority, and I could not wish for better, promises to prove a great acquisition to us. He is much wanted and will be most welcome.

My other English letters I suppose I shall find at Bellary. Mr. Whitford very kindly came here this morning to meet me. My strength begins somewhat to fail me. I want rest, but must look for none for the next three or four months. Nor indeed then; for what rest can I hope to enjoy at Madras, where such a fearful accumulation of business awaits me.

Bellary November 9th

Until this morning I have had no time to write my journal or even to think about it. The fatigue of a visitation of a large Indian Station is known only to him who has to endure it. I arrived here amid the usual noisy honours of tom-toms &c. on the morning of Wednesday the 3rd. and from that day to this I have been occupied I may say almost constantly. Our last days journey to Bellary was diversified by one of those little disagremans common enough in Indian travelling. We had to cross a wide river the Hoonoore, which in consequence of the late heavy rains was unusually deep and rapid. The only ferry boat was that primitive and somewhat crazy conveyance called a chatty-raft, a rough frame of sticks rudely tied together and floated by four large chatties or pots: upon this, after half an hour's chattering and an apparent confusion enough to try scarcely the patience of an Orderly Englishman, they contrive to put the palanquin, and almost always succeed in conveying it and its occupant in safety to the other side. On the present occasion however they managed to

to throw mine, though not me, into the water, and the passage of the river was obliged to be put off till the following morning. But for the devoted zeal of my servants I should have passed a very comfortless night at the river-side, the next day we reached Bellary, where I was welcomed with   Indian hospitality by Brigadier Gibson and his truly amiable family. I preached the same evening at the Church. For an Indian Church it is a good building, and sufficiently large; but, like all our Churches with very few exceptions. I need scarcely say that its   has less the appearance of a Church than a theatre. On Friday I assembled in the Church the Candidates for Confirmation and did my best to explain to them the history and meaning and object of the solemn rite. They are of all ages, and among them I was thankful to find many devout soldiers. Early on Sunday morning I went privately to the European Hospital, and read Divine Service and explained a Chapter of Scripture to the sick men. They seemed, poor fellows, very grateful, and I will hope that my visit may turn to their profit. I afterwards preached in the Church and administered the Lord's Supper. We had many communicants, and I have never addressed a more deeply attentive congregation. On Monday I visited the Regimental Schools which are superintended with almost fatherly care by the excellent Commanding Officer of the 4th or King's Own, Colonel Breton, who seems to me the model of a Commander. Under such supervision I found of course the schools in remarkably good order; and the plan of education is such as I highly approve. I also paid a visit to the Charity School which - for reasons not necessary to mention - is fallen into the hands of Dissenters, and is superintended by the Dissenting Missionary at this station. In the evening I walked through the Burial-ground, large and full, as Burial-grounds in India always are.

The next morning, accompanied by my kind host and by Colonel Breton I climbed the Bellary rock. The view from it scarcely repays the fatigue; but in the Fort at the top I found a personage in whom, notwithstanding his fearful crime, I could not but feel interested. For upwards of nineteen years the former Nabob of Kurnool (half-Brother to the deposed Nabob who was murdered last year at Trichinopoly) has been a prisoner on this Rock. His guilt was terrible; he murdered one of his wives, and had the extreme folly to perpetrate his crime within the camp of the Collector of Bellary; but his punishment has been terrible also, worse than death to the proud spirit

spirit of a royal Mussalman: and I think that the British Government would shew at once magnanimity and charity, by releasing him from his captivity. He might, I should imagine be transported to Moulmein or some other settlement over the water, where he would be out of misery and incapable of mischief.

The memory of Mr. Otter, its late Chaplain, is held very dear at Bellary, where he seems to have been most deservedly respected and loved by all. We are about to erect a tablet to his memory, and I have engaged to write the epitaph.

Vencatapooram 26 miles from Kurnool on the road to Hyderabad: November 24th. A wide gap in my journal. I have no time to write it, and scarcely any to think of any thing but the duty of the hour. My writer shall therefore copy for me here a letter of mine to the Christian Knowledge Society, which gives a sketch of my Bellary work.

Dwanakoondah en route to Hydrabad
18th. November 1841.

Reverend and dear Sir,

If you could have seen my arrival this morning at this place a little mud walled dilapidated village of the Ceded Districts, you would have smiled at the strange cortege which had been drawn together to escort a Christian Bishop. From a village seven miles off where, after a night's "run" in that really not uncomfortable conveyance a Palankeen I mounted my horse, I was mobbed by a guard of honour of almost naked fellows armed with long bamboo spears which they certainly did not brandish in very warlike fashion, but carried most awkardly; and although I rode tolerably fast in order to escape the European's enemy the Sun, they kept up with me with ease, shouting from time to time doubtless some complimentary address, accompanied by the incessant thumping of their tom toms, the squeaking of most unpastoral pipes and the harsh monotonous blast of the Colaroon horn. Under the guidance of this Escort I reached my Tent; strange Escort some may be inclined to say for a Bishop. But would it be wise setting aside the question of its unkindness, churlishly to drive the poor people away, and to repel their attentions, because they are somewhat troublesome and incongruous? Their noisy and barbarous honours signify nothing to me; but they are of great importance to themselves, because the Bishop passing through their District gives them a kind of holiday. It seems to me even a duty to make these poor people happy in their own way when it can be done

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without impropriety. I mention this however chiefly to give you an idea of the curious alternations of a Bishop's life in India. One day he is engaged in preaching Christ crucified to a large European congregation, or in administering some solemn rite belonging to his Office, and the next may find him miles and miles from any Christian dwelling, and among people who are now much what they were a thousand years ago.

I left Bellary yesterday after passing there a most gratifying fortnight; and it may be interesting to the Society to know how I passed it, as they will have thus some idea of the state of Christian Knowledge in a large Indian Cantonment. Bellary being always the Head Quarters of an English Royal Regiment as well as of a considerable Native Force, affords ample work for a Chaplain. The gentleman who was stationed there for several years was carried off lately by that awful scourge of India the Cholera, with which he was seized at the bed-side of a dying fellow-Christian. He was a Nephew of the late excellent Bishop Otter, and was honoured and loved by all who knew him. I reached the place on Wednesday the 3rd Instant and preached that evening in the Church to a very attentive congregation, principally of Soldiers whom I was very glad to have such an opportunity of speaking to, in a more familiar style than I could perhaps have adopted on a Sunday on several matters of great importance to them. It is impossible not to feel deeply interested in the British Soldier in India exposed as he is to so many temptations while his comforts are necessarily so small. These however may be much augmented by the kindness of his Commanding Officer; and I am bound to say that the gentleman who now commands Her Majesty's Regiment stationed at Bellary, is most anxious to improve the condition of his men and most judicious in his system. He is a warm friend to Christian training, to temperance on sound principles, and to seasonable and innocent amusement. The next day, I think, after my arrival I visited the Regimental School, where I found all as I could wish it to be except a sad lack of books. Those they have, are good; but they want many more; and this want is general throughout this part of India. And here I may remark that we have by no means so many of the Society's publications in circulation in this Diocese as

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we ought to have. Pious works, but of a questionable soundness on some points of Christian doctrine, find their way abundantly into the country, but I do not meet with those which bear the Venerable badge of our Society by any means so frequently as I could wish. The poor soldiers cooped up for ten hours every day in a comfortless barrack, as they themselves often tell one must either read or drink. The fact is well known and eagerly caught at by those who seek to inculcate among them peculiar religious opinions; and they are plentifully supplied with such publications, while those of our Society are seldom seen among them. The consequence is that those who cease to be drunkards often learn to be dissenters. I could wish that they would cease to be drunkards and learn to be Churchmen. The following morning I assembled in the Church the Candidates for Confirmation which I always use if possible for all meetings connected with the religion, and gave them an address on the solemn responsibility they were about to take on themselves. The Society will be pleased to hear that through the zealous labours of the present Chaplain, many soldiers, young and old, were among the number. Saturday was given up to Visitors and to answer that heap of letters which always tracks a Bishop in India from one station to another. On Sunday morning I went to the Hospital, where I was met by the Colonel and the indefatigable Surgeon of the Regiment. Those who have never been there cannot enter into the feelings of a Clergyman when addressing his countrymen on their bed of sickness, and too probably of death, in an Indian Hospital. It is indeed a melancholy sight to see so many of our countrymen broken down by tropical disease and lying there day by day and week by week through the long wearisome hours of heat and pain; and it is most peculiarly affecting to pray with them under such circumstances in the beautiful Liturgy of our Church, and to speak to them a word in season with their sad condition. I spoke to them kindly though I believe faithfully, and they were evidently pleased; God grant that they were benefitted. At Morning Service in the Church we had a large and one of the most earnestly attentive congregations I ever preached to, and many communicants, I am thankful to say, at the Lord's Table. I was too much exhausted to attend the Evening Service. Monday and Tuesday were given to local business; on Wednesday I again preached at the Church; and on Thursday

day I repeated my visit privately to the Hospital. I came upon the poor fellows quite unexpectedly, and they were evidently delighted to see me again. On Friday I had the comfort of confirming upwards of 80 persons whom I addressed as usual at some length, and exhorted them to walk henceforth worthy of their Christian vocation. On Sunday I consecrated the Church and preached on the Sacraments; and the next morning I consecrated the Burial-ground. Both ceremonials were witnessed with great interest by all, and by very many for the first time. How little is our Church system known in India. Would that these things were much oftener seen here. But with God's blessing the time will come. Tuesday was devoted to the unavoidable duty of letter-writing; and on Wednesday I left with hearty regret a place where I have been treated by all with a respect and affection I can never forget; and I am now on my way towards Hydrabad.

You will see from this brief account of my visit that Bellary is an important place, and that a Clergyman may do much good there. Publicly ministering, preaching and catechising; privately warning the vicious and the thoughtless, the unruly and the drunkard, the self sufficient and the indifferent; consoling the sick, praying with the dying and burying the dead - alas! a very frequent duty in India - and mixing himself up in all the little charities of social life, while he keeps himself clear from all party-spirit and is content to walk simply and faithfully in the path marked out for him by the Church; a Chaplain whose heart is thus in his work, is in such a place a blessing to Hundreds. Such Clergyman, thanks be to God, we have; but we want many such. Our people are ready enough, anxious enough to be taught; but we want teachers. I have not given therefore the sketch of my work at Bellary to magnify my Office far less to magnify my capability of discharging its many duties, but to shew the friends and advocates of the diffusion of Christian Knowledge throughout this country the inestimable value of a good Clergyman at every station in India where there are British residents. The Bishop's visit to such a place can at best only produce a healthy excitement; it is its Minister who must regularly feed the sheep; and the Society may be assured that the cause of sound Religion and piety only needs a larger

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body of Clergy in order that it may triumph from Himalayah to Cape Comorin. In their hearts the natives highly respect our religion and recognize its vast superiority to their own, as fully as they appreciate European knowledge, perseverance and skill compared with Asiatic torpor. Give us then, plenty Chaplains and Missionaries. India, who once begged this of England, now demands it of her. She has a right to it; and I trust the time is not very distant when her right will be fully recognized.

Wherever I go I find great cause for thankfulness. What shall I do to be saved? is a question now constantly asked in places where not many years ago such a question seldom suggested itself, it is to be feared, to the minds of many British residents, but I cannot repeat too often that India wants and claims a much larger body of Clergy to help them to the right answer to this most important enquiry. Christ is preached, wherever there is a Minister to preach Him, both to Europeans and to Natives; but very many places still want a Minister. The occasional visits of a Clergyman, although very welcome, can have no lasting effect; while a resident Clergyman is at the very least as great a blessing to an Indian Cantonment as to an English town or village. There are many out-stations as they are termed in this country, where a Clergyman qualified to combine the duties of Chaplain and Missionary might be incalculably useful: and for this reason I am anxious to see the land occupied far more fully than it is by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

I have promised on the part of the Society a Service of Communion Plate to the value of £50 for the intended new Church at Bangalore. It will be paid for out of the sum so liberally placed by the Society at my disposal: and as a large portion of the expence of erecting the Church will be met by private contributions, principally from the residents, I trust that such a donation in the Society's name will not be considered inappropriate.

I am now as I have already said on my way to Hydrabad, from whence I hope to write to you again, as I expect to find there much to interest me. In any case I know that the Society will receive my communications with that indulgence which I have always met with at their hands.

My health is much broken. A three years residence in India as a Bishop tells upon a delicate frame. Frequent and excessive fatigue of body, and unremitting tension of mind, do

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here the work of time very rapidly upon an European constitution. God however will give me strength as long as it shall please Him to give me work.

Believe me the Society's devoted Servant
(Signed) G. T. Madras.

The
Reverend Wm. Parker
Secretary, S.P.C.K.

Since I left Bellary I have passed five days at Kurnool. The road between the two places is of the same barren character without a tree to cheer the eye; but in Kurnool itself I found much to interest me. It is a large Fort, of an imposing appearance, though I believe quite untenable as a Military station. The style of architecture in the Fort is what I will call for want of a better term moresque, and it is crowded with Mosques, palaces and tombs. Indeed the place is so surrounded by cemetaries, and the graves so greatly at number the houses, that it might be called a city of the dead. The living however are there also; and a fine set of men they are, tall, well made, and most liberally bearded. The Patans are a noble looking race, very superior to any Asiatics I have yet seen.

Kurnool is now the Company's Territory, and the British flag waves from its flag-staff. It seems that the unhappy Nabob lost his throne by the most unaccountable folly. He had a mono-mania for casting cannon, the greater part of which are by the way utterly useless. He seems to have been a weak silly man, but of such stuff as are made tools in the hands of knaves: and Kurnool might have become the focus of intrigue dangerous to the British Government. When the place was invested by our troops, most providentially no resistance was offered by the besieged. It was found afterwards that the Harem was full of gun powder stored away most carelessly in bags; and if a single shell had been thrown into the Fort the loss of life must have been awful. The whole town must have been blown to shivers.

I was shewn all the poor Nabob's finery, a tawdry and a melancholy sight. I was disappointed in the jewels which I had understood to be very splendid; they may however be very valuable. The same of love of tinsel is exhibited here as in all the Indian palaces I have visited: but they are not intended for garish day, but for torch and candle light. To me by

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far the most delightful sight was the little European congregation assembled in the Hall of Audience for Divine Service. I preached to them on Sunday, and also yesterday, after and upon the Consecration of the Burial ground in the Morning. There is a Native Regiment, and also a few British Artillery men, stationed in the Fort. Our Congregation numbered upwards of thirty. It is my intention to make Kurnool if possible, a Missionary Station. I have now taken formal possession of it on the part of the Church; and I hope ere long to send to it a Missionary Clergyman who will be a Minister to the Europeans and, with God's blessing, gradually gather a little flock from among the Native population; which consists of Hindoos as well as Mussulmen, though the latter preponderate. My kind host the Assistant Commissioner encourages me to think that there will be no great difficulty in raising funds to build a Church.

What a blessed change has taken place in the habits of our countrymen in India. Not many years ago the only mark of Sunday at many Military stations was the hoisting of the union-jack at the flag-staff; and family worship, I am told, was scarcely known: now Divine Service is regularly read every Sabbath day by a Civilian or Officer where, as in too many instances, there is no Clergyman to conduct it, and the morning and evening sacrifice of domestic prayer and praise is offered up in almost every house. People in short are alive to the necessity of religion, formerly they were dead to it. How awfully important then is the mission of the Indian Bishops. How very much depends, humanly speaking, upon our faithfulness and love. May the Holy Spirit make His abode in our hearts to guide us in the way we should go! The tone of religious feeling at Kurnool greatly pleased me: there seemed to me an earnest desire to know the Truth and to render it practically useful to their souls.

Two subjects naturally presented themselves to my mind on which to address my little flock at Kurnool; God's fatherly care in having mercifully preserved them from the cholera by which many of the natives have just been carried off while the plague came not nigh the dwelling of the Europeans; and the consecration of the Burial-ground, a peculiarly affecting

rite at such a place. With reference to the last subject I will here give you the conclusion of my Sermon, both because it expresses my feelings at the time, and because I cannot express them better or so well now.

"The subject to which I have now called your attention is peculiarly applicable to the solemn rite which was witnessed by most of you this morning, the setting apart in this unchristian land of a place where the little band of Christians in Kurnool may bury their dead with the comfortable assurance that from henceforth their graves will be protected from desecration. It is a duty which the living owe to the dead thus to guard their remains; and it gave me particular satisfaction to be invited to perform the Consecration. May it help to remind both you and me of our own mortality - of our own immortality! It is indeed an awful thought that, like all who have gone before and all who shall follow us, we too must shortly die unto time; and that after this brief life shall be ended, the death of nature shall have no more dominion over us.

Bear in mind however, my dear friends, that the death of sin may be ours - must be ours, unless we turn to God in and through Christ now; now while our heart still beats, now while our blood still circulates, now while we are still of the earth earthy. There is no repentance, no faith, no fruits of faith; and therefore no salvation beyond the grave. Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation; tomorrow, even tomorrow, it may be too late to turn our hearts unto wisdom; and would death be a gain to us then! Dear Brethren I cannot tell you too often that if we would die happily we must do our utmost to live holyly. The last depends entirely on the first; the only safe preparation for death is a Christian life; not a life of talking, disputing and wrangling about the Bible, condemning all others and congratulating ourselves that we are better than they; but a life of faith, obedience and charity. So lived, so died the great Apostle, who has told us that to Him to die was gain: and to those alone who strive through God's grace to live as he lived, will it be a gain also. To all others it will be a most terrible loss - the loss of Hope in Him who came into the world and died upon the cross that we through Him might be saved. God sent His only begotten Son into the world that we might live through Him; but in order to live through Him hereafter we must live with Him now."

"I venture to hope that the time is not far distant when all the words of the book of this life in Christ shall be proclaimed to you by a Minister of your own. I shall at least do my utmost

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to send a Clergyman to Kurnool, although I cannot pledge myself to send you one immediately. I could wish to occupy the place as a Missionary station, and I firmly believe that the blessing of God would rest upon the labours here of a faithful Missionary. I venture to hope also that ere long we may be enabled to build a Church here; and that as the British flag now waves from that flag-staff which so lately bore the ensign of barbarism, so the cross may ere long be elevated high above the crescent. In the meantime I am most thankful, to find that the public service of our Church is read, so far as it can be read by a layman, on every Sabbath day to this little congregation of Christians. I am truly grateful for this labour of Christian love; and if my last words can carry any weight with them, I would earnestly entreat that this blessed custom may never be discontinued among you. The public service of Almighty God in our truly scriptural liturgy is preeminently calculated to lift our thoughts from time to eternity: and I need scarcely tell you how very necessary it is for all of us in India to bear in mind that in the midst of life we are in death. And for my own part I would beg to be some time remembered in your prayers both public and private before the throne of Grace and Mercy, that whether I live I may live unto the Lord, or whether I die I may die unto the Lord."

Kurnool
24th. November 1841. }

I had almost forgotten my visits to and from the family of the fallen dynasty. I called upon the late Nabob's sons, the eldest a boy of fifteen and the youngest a child in arms. The disinherited heir seemed to me stupid and proud; his countenance at least is not prepossessing. It was a very dull affair and I was glad to make my escape. The next day the Nabob's two brothers came in grand state to visit me. In one of them, who was gilded and jewelled in true oriental fashion, the animal appeared decidedly to predominate; and yet I would rather have trusted myself to him than to his handsome, sleek, smiling, mischievous-looking brother. He seemed desirous of drawing me into a religious discussion, into which, had I even wished it, my ignorance of Hindoostanee did not permit me to follow him.

Thursday 1 P. M. November 25th.

By God's mercy we are at last at our Tents, which we

we reached about an hour ago. When you hear that we left Kurnool at half past 9 last night you will understand that we had a rather tedious journey. We had two rivers to cross, the Toombuddra and the Kristna (please look for them on the map). The passage of the first was easy enough as the boats were ready; but we arrived at the back of the second at half past two in the morning, and found no boat and not a human being. The fact is our guide had brought us to the wrong ford, or rather to no ford at all as the water was far too deep for wading. There was nothing left for it but to sleep by the river side and hope for better things in the morning. I awoke, the first of the party, at 6, and gave the alarm that the sun was rising. After much persuasion and the promise of certain rupees we got some of the bearers into the water to try if they could find it, but they either found it too deep or took fright and returned. We were not aware at the time that we were come to the wrong place, which I at last discovered by not discovering the wheel-tracts of the bandies, and the rascally guide then confessed it. The proper crossing place was four miles higher up the rivers and there we arrived at Nine, and had three more hours of roasting to our present station. I am thankful to say I do not feel the worse for it, which surprises me as I was not well when I left Kurnool. My parting with Mr and Mrs Stokes was most friendly, and I am truly glad that I went there. I must now tell you a little secret about Kurnool, which of course I would not tell you at the time. That awful scourge of India the Cholera is there, and upwards of four hundred persons died of it. I took every possible precaution for my people, not allowing them to go into the Petta and encamping them quite clear of the Fort, and thank God! they all escaped. Finding that in all human probability I could never visit the place again, I could not bring myself to turn my back upon upwards of Forty English people who were anxious to have me among them; nor do I believe that there was any danger to ourselves, although there probably was some to our servants and followers.

No letters from you darling since the last I acknowledged. At last I send you some more journal. Poor stuff! but I really have not time or brain to make it better. I can truly say that sufficient for the day is the work thereof. The wear and tear of travelling in such a climate is great, and one's head will not hold out as it does in Europe.

I

I am reading with great interest, when I can snatch a little time, Sir Romilly's Memoirs. It is a delightful book, and he must have been a delightful man. The book and the man however which have most charmed me for many a year are the Memoirs and character of Bishop Hobart of America. I must read it to you, He is to my mind the perfection of a Bishop. One breathes a pure air as you read of such a man. I am not aware of one of that admirable Prelates opinions to which I do not heartily subscribe. As for popularity he despised it, as for fame, so far as he cared for fame, he committed it like Lord Bacon to posterity: not what he sought and lived for, was God's honour and man's salvation in God's Church. Would that I had grace and strength to imitate him - or rather to follow our common Master as he followed him.

In Camp. November 26th.

The country improves in appearance. It is again a land of trees, although it must be confessed that the greater part of them are mere dwarfed Palmiras. It is also a land of fresh springs of water; in the course of my ride this morning to my present quarters we crossed several fine springs. Instead of the dreary flat of the Ceded Districts the ground is undulating, and an occasional paddy crop refreshes the eye with its beautiful green. I am now attended by a few of the irregular Cavalry of the Nizam; fine Military-looking fellows clothed in Lincoln green and armed with spears and swords; some carry also carbines; they are not however so well mounted as my old acquaintance the Silladars of Mysore. They look well on horseback and seem to ride well. The mornings continue to be delightfully cool and the nights almost cold; but I suffer much from heat in the day time.

Audalkool November 27th

On my arrival this morning at my tent, which I reached after a splashing ride, almost as much through water as over land, and after having been nearly carried, man and horse, over a steep bank into a tank, from which danger Providence graciously preserved me, I was visited by a petty Rajah or nobleman of the Neighbourhood, and, I should think, a very good specimen of "the laird of that ilk." He was dressed in a tunic of gold and green tissue, and European trowsers and boots; and under his shirt he wore a corslet of light chain armour. His immediate attendant was a personage, half orderly and half groom, clothed in a neat plaid livery, and armed and sword and pistol in his girdle; he had also two other mounted followers,

tru-

truculent-looking fellow; bearded like the pard well armed, and in green tunics and large jack-boots. A horsekeeper ran on either side of his horse a splendid and very powerful Arab, each carrying a match lock and shield. His saddle was a plain English one; those of his attendants oriental and studiously military. They really made a very pretty shew, lighted up by the slanting rays of the early morning sun. Of course I received him with all due courtesy, though I suspect that he did not make out who or what I was: and indeed my straw hat and flannel jacket could not be afsociated in his mind with any thing "burrah" or "great". My Visitor who was not, as I expected, a Moorman, but a Teloogoo Hindoo, exults in the magnificent title of Savoy Rajah Ramasoor Row, Bypee Bahodoor. He is the proprietor of a large village in this neighbourhood called Werpurty; and, somewhat to my surprise, maintains there a Schoolmaster who was in attendance upon him and speaks English fluently. There has been a good deal of squabbling lately and a little fighting among the petite noblefse of the land; and this gentleman, according to his own account, had left home on the amiable errand of a peace-maker. We have, it seems also, some troublesome Arabs in our immediate neighbourhood; but they are effectually kept on their good behaviour by detachments of the Nizam's troops who are close upon their heels. My Visitor complaining of sicknefs, I requested my Apothecary to see him, and I then salaamed him out of my tent.

If I could draw, I might make a very pretty sketch as I sit in my travelling arm-chair. The horses belonging to the irregular cavalry in attendance upon me are picketted round a Moorish tomb, their riders stretched on the ground beside them. One of the chargers has broken loose from his tether, and rearing like the unicorn in the royal arms of England is attacking another who held down by his halter, can only kick furiously but impotently in return. Horsekeepers are rushing forward with long bamboos to beat down the combatants. All the horses are tugging at their head-stalls and neighing loudly. Another has just freed himself from his halter-fog and has dragged over his master whose turban is knocked off in the scuffle and he himself has measured his length on the earth. Still the stout trooper keeps his hold gallantly; afsistances comes up, both the truants are caught and made sure, and peace is restored.

From time to time the plain is crofsed by some would-be warrior but who is probably a most harmlefs Ancient Pistol. He carries himself however with a jaunty air and looks ineffably fierce; his sword is belted round his waist; his matchlock is

is at his saddle-bow; and an embossed leather shield studded with large brass points and intended to strike as well as to ward, is slung upon his left arm. His steed is none of the best, but he is very sharply bitted and forced to caricole under his burthen as he passes you; and poor as may be the the horseman he has generally a couple of armed runners at his side. If he salute you at all he does it gracefully and like a gentleman; but most probably he will not take the slightest notice of you. My friend the Rajah has mounted his magnificent horse and is busily employed, so Francis tells me, in giving his report of the misbehaving Arabs to a group of villagers and travellers who have flocked around him to hear the news. His horse is quiet, but his followers will not lose such an opportunity of shewing off theirs, thinking, I suppose, to witch me with their noble horsemanship. The Mussulmens certainly look well on horseback, and ride well though rather too long. My sepoy guard has just marched up, and the men are piling their arms. The camels stand out against the bright sky in all their surpassing hideousness. Fires are lighted, chatties are boiling, and small brass pots are gleaming in the sun in all directions. In front of our little encampment is a large brown plain: on one side is the village of Audakool, and on the other side some richly cultivated ground, glowing with paddy and studded with trees, and backed by one of those vast strangely broken, topsy-turvy-like rocks so often met with in India. But I am tired, as by this time most probably you are also.

November 28th

We had a rough ride last night to our present quarters, and but for the brilliant moonlight should scarcely have got over the ground in safety. This is on the whole a fine country and well cultivated whereever there is cultivation at all, but there is much waste land, as in every Indian District. We passed through a town filled with the pomp and circumstance of glorious war: chargers picketted in the street, soldiers lounging, loitering, sleeping or cleaning their arms in all directions, two or three pieces of artillery, and as many huge elephants. It is a detachment sent by the Nizam's Government against a refractory Rajah and I understood that his strong hold had been fired into and partly demolished in consequence of his refusing to pay his customary tribute. Moonlight, like distance, lends enchantment to the view, and the place looked well as we walked our horses through it. Our camp is pitched in a very pretty spot, where we have hills and water.

I preached this morning on the Epistle of the day, the 1st Sunday in Advent to our little flock of two or three gathered together in the name of our blessed Master, but I felt ill, and both thoughts and words came slowly and weakly. I received yesterday an excellent letter from my excellent friend Mr. Campbell.

November 29th Juddachurlab

By God's gracious protection we are brought upwards of twelve more miles on our way. By the time we were on horseback. I should say however that the distance from our last post to this is much more than twelve. We rode almost the whole way at a sharp place, little Oliver's trot keeping the Arabs at a hard gallop to the no small astonishment of the troopers. The greater part of the road lay through jungle, although we merged from time to time into a cultivated country. The general character of the soil is sandy. We passed two rather large villages, each slightly fortified after the manner of the country, and each with its round tower, the use of which was significantly explained to me by one of the soldiers who replied to my enquiry by putting his arms in the attitude of taking an aim with a match lock.

The last number of the Ecclesiastical Gazette contains a particularly interesting account of the Consecration of the new Parish Church at Leeds. Four Bishops - two of them not English - assisted at the solemn ceremony, giving to it a catholicity truly gratifying to a devoted lover, as I am, of our Apostolic Church. It was indeed as it should be to see the Archbishop of the Province and the Bishop of the Diocese, the Bishop of Ross in Scotland and the Bishop of New Jersey in America, dwelling together as brethren in unity within the same sanctuary and officiating at the same altar. I hail it as an earnest of better and purer days for the Church. The more I know of the Protestant Episcopal Churches in Scotland and in the United States, the more I venerate them.

Nagaumpilly November 30th

This is a picturesque country; I cannot help using the somewhat lackadaisical epithet, for I know no other which will express what I mean. The country is not fine, and it is not pretty, but still it makes a good picture. We had a pleasant ride this morning; and road was good for a gallop and the air fresh and almost bracing. In leaping a ditch the officer of my guard had a heavy fall.

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Their horses cannot leap. Capet went over it with ease.

I finished this morning my old friend Sinclair's unanswerable dissertation on Episcopacy, and I hope to begin his Essay on Liturgies tomorrow. This book would be a great treat to me under any circumstances, but here where I have so little opportunity of meeting with any thing worth reading it is doubly welcome. One of my especial grievances in India if I may be allowed to use such an ungrateful-sounding term, is the want of books. The scarcity amounts almost to a famine.

Nundigaum December 1st.

We got over another stage of our journey this morning, and we are now within an easy "run" of Hydrabad. What awaits me there? God alone knows; and to His gracious mercy and protection by which I have been kept so far on my way in safety I humbly commit myself. May I only be enabled through His grace to strive at least to do my duty there and every where. In so large a station, and in India where it is almost quot homines tot with regard to subjects which I was in the habit of viewing in England as indisputable and not to be spoken against among professing members of the Church, I must be prepared to find much to distress me; but from the unquestionable love of religion which now pervades this country I shall doubtless meet with much also to comfort me.

In the course of our ride we came upon a herd of antelopes, one of which made such an extraordinary spring across the road that I can only compare it to the leap of the flying-fish. My friends in England would be amused to see "pricking o'er the plain" with my present Escort of wild horsemen, one of them swinging his lance and another with his carbine unslung to clear the way. The only enemy however that we have encountered hitherto has been an occasional squadron of refractory bullocks, and these are seldom disposed to yield the passage without a contest, in which he of the lance greatly distinguishes himself.

I must not forget to mention our yesterday's halting-place, Nagaumpilly. It is inclosed as a turreted wall with two large and handsome gateways, and has quite an imposing appearance and would make a very fine picture. Within the walls however all is squalid wretchedness and filth almost Italian. It is the residence of a Ranee, "the lady of the Manor," a miserable creature whose days are spent in worshipping a stock or a stone

and

and in chewing beetle nut or chunam. As Mrs Jones was walking through the town she passed her house, I suppose I must say her palace, and was invited to pay her a visit. She describes the Ranee as not unpleasing in her manners, fair for an Indian, and wearing a splendid pearl necklace. She is a widow and childless, and probably without a single object in life: without books which indeed she could not read; without a friend; and most likely without a thought. What an existence!

Monday 6th December

On Thursday morning the 2nd we reached Hydrabad I am quite puzzled to tell you what it is like. In fact it has nothing specific about it and is very different from what I had expected to find it you will see from this that I had expected much more than I found the common fate of expectants. And yet I have no right to complain for I have seen nothing but the Residency which is a Palace (not a house as there is not a single bed room in it every domestic comfort being sacrificed to state) and a very fine thing in its way and the Resident, one of the most accomplished and delightful gentlemen in India. Secundrabad is a very large cantonment full of indifferent houses and in that respect inferior to Bangalore. The church is shabby and not half large enough. I preached there on Sunday to a crowded congregation and at the administration of the Lords Supper I think that there were a hundred communicants. I was highly pleased with the attention of the soldiers in whom I always feel warmly interested.

The Residency gardens are large - well arranged and almost English the climate at this season admitting of the growth of most of our European vegetables. The wicked city an epithet which I am told it merits most justly is scarcely a mile from the Residency. I have not yet paid it a visit. Notwithstanding the coolness of the climate I feel unwell,

and at times sinking, and it is now evident to myself, and has for some time I suspect been so to all, that I must not look to a long carrier in India

Saturday December 18th

I am again sadly in arrears with my journal and almost fear that I shall be unable to write it up. The fact is that journalising is a relaxation and I have little time for relaxations for although I do not do much, I do as much as my strength will permit and the overwrought brain must be fallow for a while - or it will produce nothing - Hence when the daily routine of writing and thinking - and talking is over I feel at a stand still - and must rest - or the next day I should be unfit for the slightest exertion.

On Wednesday the 8th I preached to the Candidates for Confirmation & seventy four of whom I Confirmed the next morning, Mr. Evans who seems devoted to his Master's work - speaks well of their state of mind and proficiency in Christian Knowledge and many God bless the solemn rite to them and to me - for Jesus Christ's sake. The following day we rode on elephants through and about Hydrabad, and visited the Jar Bund - a splendid tank well worthy of being called a lake, by which water is supplied to the city - The bund is a very massive and private piece of masonry Instead of being built straight line it is arched like a bridge thrown on one side - This is supposed to add great strength to the work - but at an enormous and I believe in the present case needless cost - The water is very deep - forty four feet at the bund head - The view from this Tank is very beautiful - The fine buildings in the City - and there are a few stand out grandly in the Picture in which the bridge - the Residency - and two or three other large and handsome Country houses and the distant rock and fort of Golaconda, form a little

features. Of Hydrabad itself I can only say
that although it is filthy beyond imagining I enjoyed
my ride through it very much. all here is so strictly
and gen oriental being free from the slightest
dash of Anglo-Indianism. The houses which by the
way are sadly dilapidated are generally of two sto-
ries and our elevated position on our elephants
enabled us to peep into their upper rooms. where
however the inhabitants were employed in much
the same way as other people in similar places.
eating, drinking talking and sleeping.

The Principal Mosque called the Mecca Mosque
is a chaste and noble building simplex munditiis and
although not at all like our notions of a Church, looks
unquestionably like a temple dedicated to God -
of Course no Frank is permitted to Cross its thresh
hold: but as we were allowed to enter within the
Court I had an opportunity of seeing the faith
ful at evening Prayer. It really was a beautiful
sight. Kneeling on the floor, and their faces to
the earth were some hundered of the followers of
the false Prophet and a dim religious light was
cast upon their prostrate forms by a few lamps not
a sound was heard, and the scene looked almost
vision ary. I turned from it with reluctance
to the busy hum of men. the dirty and noisy throu
gh-fare of the jostling city. The Shah Minar, the
other fine edifice of Hydrabad is not a mos=
que, nor do I know what it is. It is a quadran
gular building with four noble arches. Crowned
by as many minarets, Many people were
under its broad shade, chatting and smoking
their clumsy Persian Pipes.

To judge of the Nizams palace by its out=
ward appearance is however no. of an
oriental mansion. I am told that I have no
chance of seeing the Nizam, who scarcely ever

receives even the Resident and leads the degrading and contemptible life of a genuine Asiatic debauche- His authority is merely nominal, the whole weight of entire resting upon one far more able to bear it- his famous Minister Chundoo Lal.

Last Sunday I Consecrated the Church at Secunderabad and on the following morning the Cantonment Burial ground. In the evening we dined with a wealthy Parsee one of those princely merchants who contributes so largely to the Commercial glory and prosperity of India. The entertainment consisted of fire works- fine of their kind although far from being so ingeneous as those of Europe, and a nautch, I like and admire the Parsees they are a noble race, and considered highly honorable in all their dealings- on the Tuesday I dined with the Brigadier in Command of Secunderabad, and found in my host an accomplished German scholar, and one who had personally known . and Schilber How

I should have loved Schiller

I was highly pleased with my brief visit to Bolarum where I consecrated the Cemetary and preached in the evening to a much larger Congregation than I had expected to find I also examined the school which is supported entirely by voluntary Contributions and under the active superintendence of a benevolent Gentleman and lady who seem truly anxious to do all the good in their Power, and how much good may they do in India who are thus disposed to make the attempt, The school is well conducted and the system of instruction good. The climate of Bolarum at this time of year is positively- not Comparatively Cold, and I should have been glad of a fire. General Fraser very kindly shewed me a Squadron of the Nizams Irregular Cavalry, They are a fine set of men and have always proved themselves right good soldiers, their manner of skirmishing was to me a novel as well as a pretty sight

After breakfast I received the native officers who had expressed a wish to call upon me, and I have never seen more martial-looking men. General Fraser thinks very highly of the Nizam's army, and places great confidence in their fidelity. Their courage is unquestionable, but they are apt to be cruel in the field, which is indeed the general character of Asiatic Troops. On my return from Bolarum which I left with regret, I inspected the Hospital and Barracks of the European Regiment, and examined the Schools, Those who are acquainted with the Colonel will be prepared to hear that all are in admirable order and that every thing is done which depends upon a Commanding officer - and very much does depend upon him - for the moral improvement and the personal Comfort of our hither to much neglected Countrymen the British soldiers in India, The same evening I consecrated the Regimental Burial-ground.

Yesterday I made my visit to the Nizam's famous Minister who had kindly invited me to a party, Our way lay through that filthiest of cities Hydrabad It Contains, as I have already mentioned, two very fine public buildings, but the palaces look tumbling down, and many of the Common houses have tumbled down already The People however seem well to do in the world and happy; you see no Object poverty no squalid wretchedness, no disgusting mendicity, as you so Constantly find in Italy and even in France all are well fed and sufficiently well clothed. How they Can be healthy living in such worse than furnish dirt I Cannot imagine - we must suppose that some kind of filth is good for the wholesomes. After traversing the city we reached Chundo Lal's Garden-house = and here our reception was grand and truly oriental. Drums

Cymbals, and all kinds of barbaric
Music saluted us. = the road was fringed on either
side with lamps, which lighted up the trees. Chiefly
Palms and Cypress. very prettily. Some what to my
annoyance we were paraded on our elephants round
the Garden, of which, as it was nearly dark, we could
see next to nothing, and it was moreover very cold
at last we were allowed to dismount - and after
a dull three quarters of an hour (that time is
always most especially dull with us English,)
dinner was announced. I handed to table Mrs ―
who is as I have already told you, a very nice
person and my neighbour on the other side
proved to be a great friend of the ― and in
Correspondence with them. Of Course I sent a
tender message to all, not forgetting little ― who she told
me was reckoned very clear, quite a genius. The dining
room was a detached building - and after coffee
we went to the chief Garden house - where we were
met on the steps by the Minister's Son, an asiatic
Falstaff - I never saw any thing so fat except
perhaps the huge tun of a man at avanashy. Up
the stairs we walked and he waddled; and at the top
we were met and embraced by the celebrated Chundoo
Lal, the most absolute Prime Minister of modern
times - having possessed - supreme authority the
nizam being a mere Contemptible cypher, for up-
wards of 40 years. This great man is a little
wizen old fellow, with an aquiline nose,
a piercing eye and a smile which would win
you but does not, I should be sorry to be in
that mans power - upwards of eighty years old.
he is bent almost double with the weight of age
and its many infirmities - but I am told that
his mind is as active as when his Constitution was
in its prime, and that like the proboscus of an
elephant (one may be allowed so oriental a smile
in India)

it is equally capable of rending a tree or of picking up a straw. The whole business of the Country passes through his hands, however important or however trifling = he trusts nobody = his dominion is absolute = and the haughtiest of the haughty, the highborn Mussalman nobles of Hydrabad. bow before the little wrinkled old Hindoo as to destiny itself. It is feared that his death, which in all human probability must take place soon will cause great dis=turbance in the Country, as the finances are much em=barrassed, and the revenues pledged to and farmed by those all destroying locusts the Sowcars or native bankers. as un=fortunately I know nothing of Hindoostanee I was unable to have any   . with this "Ancient Mariner" who has held the helm for the Nizam so long and so steadily - Gene=ral Fraser thought him more than usually feeble and out of spirits The fire works, which began the evenings = entertainment were not so good as those at the rich Parsees, and the nautch which followed. I thought would never end Nothing can be more dull than this favorite Asiatic amusement The   is below mediocrity and most monotonous, and the screaming and clapping of hands by which it is accompanied almost disgusting, On the present occasion some masked figures were introduced, as also some Conjurors = but the first were stupid fellows and the last disgusting - the principal trick being to draw an   line out of the mouth   , at the same time the action or   of vomiting, and to pass a thread through the eyes, which was quite sickening to look at -

The Room in which we were assembled was very handsome by candle light, though. I suspect it would not bear the all = detecting eye of day - It is supported by lofty and well proportioned Columns.

which I am sorry to say are painted = and a handsome gallery runs round it, which on the present occasion was crowded with a multitude of well dressed and good looking Asiatics of all ranks and I believe of many Countries, amongst whom some Arabs were proudly eminent, The Minister has a strong guard of these mercenaries, on whose fidelity he places and I believe with justice the utmost reliance. The Mussalmens would probably blow him away from the mouth of a Cannon tomorrow if they had the power in their hands. about 10 O'Clock we were dismissed with the usual Compliment of flowers and atter of Roses.

28th December 1841.

I find it so very difficult to keep a regular journal that I have given it up in despair. There would be plenty to write = but the days work wears me out and I seldom feel strong enough to write it. Having now however a little leisure I will try to recollect something of the events such as they were, of the last week or ten days = but as I took no notes at the time my gleanings from memory will scarcely be worth the trouble of reading. In the early part of last week General Fraser gave us a party at the tombs of Golconda, about five miles from Hydrabad. It seemed very odd to me to be at Golconda a place associated in my mind with the Arabian nights and with mines of diamonds. Our tents were pitched close to one of the large tombs of which if I recollect right there are five, and the tomb itself was our drawing room, and a noble sale it made. Each of these tombs is surmounted after the Moorish fashion with a lofty but somewhat disproportioned Cupola, which in the days of their glory were covered with enamel of blue and green and yellow, and many a tet from the Arabic Koran was stamped upon them in letters of gold = but time and neglect have done their usual work.

the enamel is almost entirely away. and it is to be feared that the heavy rains will ere long find their way into the roof as the birds have dropped there the seeds of trees which are beginning to grow - and their growth will in evitably crack and split the roofs and make them no longer weather=proof - Within each of the buildings which are large + lofty - and well proportioned, and would make invaluable libraries, lie the remains covered with black marble - of one of a race of Kings extinct about 150. years. It was a Turcoman dynasty the immediate of the Present Nizam, by whom their memory is evidently held in little respect - or they would scarcely allow Europeans to picknick over their graves. and sausages.! All the tombs however are not the exclusive resting places of royalty - one is occupied by the bones or dust of a favourite dancing Girl, who we were told was so great a personage in her day that she travelled with a retinue of ten thousand

about a quarter of a mile from the tombs is the Fort of Golconda, the oubliette of the Nizams treasures and of one of his rebellious brothers who is imprisoned here with little chance of any thing but death ending his captivity - no. stranger is permitted to approach this fortress, which is garisoned by Arabs, the of India - who would not hesitate to fire upon the intruder. Golconda was formerly the Capital of the Country the seat of government was removed to Hydrabad by the present dynasty Diamonds. are not found in the immidiate neighbourhood, but they are still occasionally met with in the District - and the Nizam possesses one - which was ate discovered in the bed of a river - said to be decidedly the largest and finest known in the world.

The next morning we paid a visit to the splendid garden-house of the first and richest and most powerful Mussalman nobleman of Hydrabad, His lofty title is the sun of the Nobles. Hee received us most courteously and did the honours of his palace like a high man of the world, It is not a little striking, as indicating the extreme jealousy of the all-potent Minister Chundoo Lal, that although General Fraser had been Resident at the Nizams Court for three years - this was the first time that this nobleman had been permitted to meet him - He is a clever - enlightened, and, for an Asiatic - well - informed man; And I believe it is not at all unlikely that he may be called hereafter to the office of Prime Minister when the death of the cunning old Hindoo shall make it vacant - It would certainly seem to be good policy on the part of the British Government to conciliate the Mussalman nobility by helping to drag them out of the political non-entity to which Chundoo Lal has reduced them. A gentleman who has had very good oppertunities of knowing his character - speaking of Chundoo Lal to me called him the grandfather of lies; and I suspect that the title is not conferred upon him undeservedly. But to return to the garden-house. It was very full of Chandelier, and musical clocks, and automaten - conjurers - and puppet - shews - but it contains also better things - there are some good astronomical instruments - and of which the owner evidently knows the use - This country - house is very oddly built - The ground has been partially excavated to make room for the building, and on the top, the roof of it is a very pretty garden with very pretty fountains - not flower - pots and balus. trades

but flower - beds and turf and gravel walks - The roof must be very thick - and the climate very dry -

or the rooms, below would be as   as a vault_ This however they are not, on the same level with the top of the first house is built a second, remarkable for its noble portico and vast Collection of indifferent English prints - principally of fox-hunting and steeple = chases = but its upper room Commands a grand view of the City - its few fine buildings, and they are very fine - being brought grandly out, and all its hideous meanness effectually Concealed by the trees and walls. We were highly honoured by our noble host - but although we were presented with a breakfast it was quite a   feast to an European, and it was twelve O'clock - when we reached the Residency equally exhausted with heat and hunger.

The next day General Fraser was kind enough to shew me the Hydrabad Sub-sidiary Force, a splendid sight - and I must Confess that I looked at it with espi=cial satisfaction as I thought of the
at Cabool, and of the necessity which in Gods providence might be soon laid upon the British in India to act upon the defensive. From the paradeground I went to a very different scene, the Hospital of the European Troops, and which I am truly happy to say is not only in excellent order - but an excellent building - After walk=ing through the words, which were not half so full as those at Bellary _ I Collected a little Congregation of invalids prayed with them in the beautiful words of our Church service _ and then addressed them for about half an hour - explaining to them to the best of my ability the 23rd Psalm _ and applying it to their situation They were very attentive, and let me hope that I did some little good to them and to myself I afterwords examined the Cantonment School, and the Cavalary School at Bowenpilley _ and preached in the evening at the Church.

Thursday and Friday I was obliged to give to English and Indian letters. The Overland mail brought me some of considerable importance. It brought me also fresh proofs of the encreasing confedence and liberality of the Gospel Society for which I cannot be sufficiently grateful. Another and I hear a truly pious and respectable dissenting minister has applied to me for reception and employment in the Church. He is or I should rather say he was a Wesleyan. I have written to him very kindly but at the same time with that caution which as trustee for the Church in my diocease I am bound to excercise towards all who are not personally known to me. This is the fifth dissenting minister who has joined us within the last twelve months. I have written to the Archbishop about a furlough, should my state of health absolutely require me to leave the Country = but as long as God grants me any strength for the work I have not the slightest wish to quite my post.

On Christmas=day morning I had the satisfaction of confirming fifteen native Christians who had been previously examined by Mr. Jones. There are about a hundered native Christians in Secundrabad in Communion with the Church of England. They were collected by Mr. Whiteford, who is strengly imbued with the Missionary Spirit. I have plased over them one who seemed the best instructed as their temporary Catechist = and I hope to send them one properly qualified from Madras. At the English service for the day I preached and administered the Lords Supper. The Communicants I am thankful to say were very numerous.

This was my last public duty at Secundrabad. I had intended to have taken leave of its Congregations in a kind of farewell sermon last Sunday = but my

strength was gone, and I was obliged to remain at home
It was a sacrifice to which my weakness, not my will, Con-
sented - The next day I left the Residency delighted to have
made the acquaintance, and I think I may add to have
won the esteem, of its accomplished occupant

And now to take a brief review of my visit
to this perhaps the most important up-Country station of
my diocease Secundrabad is far too large for one Chaplain - Two
Could scarcely do the work to their own satisfaction A Clergy-
-man might   in attending to the officers
and soldiers and soldiers wives of the European Regiment alone
and its Hospital ought to be visited twice in the week and a
public service be held there, The Barrack of the Regiment is
near the Church - so that the men an attend divine service without
risk or even inconvenience from the sun but this unfortunately
is not the Case with the Artillery Barracks, and the sad Consequence
is that their wives are quite shut out from it The Church is
far too small for the Cantonment, and very badly arranged
I have represented this to the Madras Government, and
I hope that if possible it will be enlarged - The European
Hospital is a noble building and admirably adopted for
its purpose - and the same praise is due to the Barracks.
The dreadful vice of intemperance has been greately
Checked by the Colonel of the Regiment - indifatigable in
his labours for the religious and moral improvement
of his men - the Regimental School is well managed,
and that for adults, where the attendance is voluntary well
attended, I can say little of the Cantonment School except
that the Masters appeared diligent - as from my ignora-
nce of Telorgoo and Tamil I Could not judge of the pro-
ficiency of the scholars. At Bolarum the Head Quarters
of the Nizams army there is alas! neither Church nor
Clergyman

The place needs demands both, I preached there one evening to a Congregation of about 90. persons and all appeared devout and anxious to hear the word of God. They sing the Psalms for the Service with beautiful simplicity and it deeply grived me to leave them without a Minister But what Can a Bishop in India do, but pray for better times? The Brigadier of Bolarum does all in his power to supply the want of a Clergyman but nothing Can supply it In a Settlement he is as a heart to the blood he regulate the Circulation of all their religious thoughts and aspirations.

— There is a prospect, rather misty but still visible, of our getting a Church at Bolarum Bowenpilly the Cavalry Station is three miles from Secundrabad and requires to be frequently visited by a Clergyman and Divine Service to be performed there once a week the attendance of the officers at the Cantonment Church being entirely optional,

At Chudderghaut where is the Residency there is besides the Generals personal Staff, a number of East India writers and other dependents on the Resident to whom General Fraser is in the habit of reading the Church Service and a Sermon every Sunday But how gladly would he depute this labour of love to a Clergyman at one time I had an idea that a Second Chaplain might be appointed to the Charge of Chudderghaut and Bolarum but from the one place to the other is a distance of ten miles which would render it impossible for the same Clergyman to attend to both In any Case however this vast station must have two Chaplains: And I should be very thankful

if I could associate with them a Missionary at present Mr. Evans does, I am sure, his utmost - but to attempt to discharge single handed all the duties of such a Cure of Souls would be useless self-distruction —

At Secanderabad, as at all our stations, there is an ardent desired for the ~~encouragement~~ and consolation of religion and there is much therefore to cheer a faithful Clergyman. But there, as every where, he must be prepared also for many trials, and some disappointment. The school at Chudderghaut is in excellent order

Of the political state of the Nizams dominions I have little to say. The Sovereign does nothing, the minster does every thing. It is feared that at the death of Chundoo Lal the financial embarassment of the Country will prove very serious, and it is very probable that circumstances may happen which will require the active interposition of the British Goverment. In the mean time = the people are left in wretched ignorance and seem to be only regarded by the state as payers of taxes - while the nobility, crushed and sulky are ready to resent their ill usage on the first promising opportunity -

Nandegaum 3rd January 1842.

We are now about 80 miles from Masulipatam The road hither to has led us through a Country always uninteresting and generally positively ugly, We halted for our day of rest yesterday at a place called Shermahomedpett, when I preached to my little flock on that most beautiful passage in Isaiah. xli 10. ("Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed = for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee: yea I will help thee - yea I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness," and endeavoured to explain it as our heavenly Fathers message of love to all who turn to Him through Jesus Christ. To me it is a most Comfortable assurance. In the Course of our evening walk we came upon a large encampment of Bringaries —

a very singular and hardy race, the gypsey-merchants of India They spread a sack for us to sit upon an invitation which I imme diately accepted, and hammered out a little Conversation with them, They seem very frank and good-natured, equally devoid of the insolent air of the Mussalman and the Cringing servility of the Hindoo, The arms of the women are Covered with bra-celets of Copper and lac, and their dress elaborately ornamented a Child of about four years old gave me a most gallant stare and I saw that the spirit of gipsy-freedom was already awake in him. I say nothing of New-years day with its regrets and its resolutions, except that it was not passed by me without reflection, self reproach and prayer.

Guntoor January 13th

Let me try to recall some of the events of the last week or ten days. on the 3rd I had a bad fall from or rather with my horse, who, Contrary to his nature, stumbled over some bad rut and fell with me rather violently on the ground, When I recovered a little from the shock I found my faithful Ponapah supporting my head - for which purpose he had also made a pillow of the horse cloth and of his own turban, and begging me not to be frightened, It was with some difficulty that I persuaded him that I was not, apt to be so, The injury, I am thankful to say proved slight; and the next evening I was able to go on to Condapilly, which although a little out of the way I had been advised to visit for the sake of certain ruins, On our arrival we found a pretty spot for this not pretty Country and Mr. Ward of the Civil Service whose brother I have had the pleasure of meeting on the Neil-gherries, and Mr. St. John the officer Commanding the detach-ment kindly accompanied us up the rock on the summit of which we came upon the Religious of what must have been a delightful retreat from the intrigue and filth of that city of abomination, The surrounding heights

were strongly fortified, and the works I believe are still in good repair, A large packet of letters overtook me at Candopillay, and among them one from my highly valued friend which caused me great pain, God however I am persuaded will overrull all for the best, I am a firm believer in a constantly superintending Providence, and this belief is a great comfort to me I wrote a temperate and I hope a Christian letter in reply = and so the matter must rest until my arrival at Madras. If I know any thing of my own heart, I shall always be ready to make the fullest atonement for any injury which I may have done to any one, Hee that is not calls himself a Christian to no purpose -

We set off the same evening for Masulipatam, and the kind way in which I was received and welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Grant and their amiable sister was most refreshing after the feverish fatigue of a long and sleepless nights journey in a palanquin, As we entered the place a vast population thronged out to meet us, and it made me feel very thankful when I saw the crouds of people that to them also the Word of this Salvation was sent by the establishment here of a Mission on the part of the Church Missionary Society Tired as I was, I felt it my duty to preach in one of the Churches (there are two in the place) the same evening, as it was the Feast of the Epiphany, or in other words the Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles a day I trust which hereafter will be very much to be remembered by thousands in Masulipatam who shall be brought at last to see the Saviour's star in the East and shall rejoice with exceeding great joy - Divine Service was held in St. Mary Chapel, commonly called the Pettah Church, The history of the building of this Chapel is singular. It was erected to the memory of an unfortunate girl with whom he had an illicit connection by a General officer who once

commanded I believe the Northern Division: and on her monument is inscribed an epitaph so objectionable, that my dear friend Archdeacon Robinson directed the scandal to be removed by covering it with a black board This however was subsequently taken down by the order of Bishop Corrie, who probably thought it best not to draw the attention of future generations to the record of sin by inducing people to ask what it th was that was thus carefully hid from their eyes. and this being my own opinion also - it seemed to me the wiser course not to meddle with it - particularly as the epitaph of which I subjoin a copy - does not necessary tell the tale of shame to those who were previously ignorant of the story

This Monument
Sacred to the Memory of
Arabella Robinson

Daughter of Captain William Robinson of the Honorable Company military Service who died on the 8th November 1809 was erected by preserver Grateful and affectionate Friend Major General J. Hatar The Chappel is a remarkably pretty building indeed one of the best that I have seen in India and being surrounded by its Church yard a very rare thing in this Country - has an appearance quite English I found a small but very attentive Congregation - Masulipatam was once a large and very important station but the removal of the Head Quarters of the Northern Division of the army to Vizagapatam has greatly reduced it - still there is ample employment for a Chaplain and I sincerely hope that it will never be left without one - The next day I had the great pleasure and comfort of making -

~~മലയാളം~~ പാഠമാല

I മത് പാഠങ്ങൾ

൧, കഥകൾ

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൧. വെനഗാര എന്ന പെരായ ഒരു ഊരിൽ ഒരു കിഴവി ഉ
...അവ ഇല്ലാഞ്ഞിട്ടിൽ ഒരു തിക്കായന്ന ചി
...ച്ചു. അതു കൊണ്ടു ദിവസം വെള്ളക്കം.
...കൊണ്ടു കൃഷി ... ആ ഊരിൽ ഉള്ളവ
...൨൨. ൭൦. ... വന്ന
...കൊണ്ടു വൊന്നു. ഇങ്ങിനെ ഒരെ കാലം
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...കൊണ്ടു ... വെള്ളക്കമ്പു ...ന്റെ
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...ത. ... ക്കായന്ന ...
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